

Stars In His Eyes

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/46409818) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/46409818>.

Rating:	General Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Categories:	M/M , Gen
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationships:	Will Graham & Hannibal Lecter , Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter , Molly Graham/Will Graham , Jack Crawford & Will Graham , Will Graham & The Stag , Jack Crawford & Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Will Graham , Hannibal Lecter , Molly Graham , Jack Crawford
Additional Tags:	Hannibal Lecter Loves Will Graham , Will Graham Loves Hannibal Lecter , Dark Will Graham , Will Graham is a Cannibal , Will Graham is So Done , Will Graham is a Mess , Will Graham Needs a Hug , Will Graham Knows , Hannibal Lecter in Love , Hannibal Lecter Being Hannibal Lecter , Hannibal Lecter is a Mess , Hannibal Lecter Has Feelings , Protective Hannibal Lecter , Established Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter , Hannibal Lecter is a Cannibal , Hannibal Lecter is the Chesapeake Ripper , Whump , Angst , Angst with a Happy Ending , Angst and Hurt/Comfort , Angst and Feels , Hurt/Comfort , Hurt , Blood , Blood and Injury , Near Death Experiences , Near Death , Post-Hannibal (TV) Season/Series 03 , Past Molly Graham/Will Graham , Murder Husbands
Language:	English
Series:	Part 8 of Fun with Hannigram
Stats:	Published: 2023-04-12 Words: 3,062 Chapters: 1/1

Stars In His Eyes

by [MintyEcco](#)

Summary

Blood is not a foreign concept when it comes to Hannibal Lecter and Will Graham's love affair, however when that blood is spilled out in a cold snowy forest far away from one another then it becomes a problem. A problem that Will Graham is forced to confront as he lays out there in the freezing night waiting for Hannibal to return.

Notes

God I started this in late January not long after finishing this series, and now it's April and I'm only just figuring out what was going on here.
Well I still think it ended up really good despite it all.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Laying under the star dotted sky Will's ragged breathes are the only thing that can be heard.

Blood spilling out of his mouth he can't help but continue to cough it up.

A chill on the wind that he can't fight off as snow surrounds him and begins to drag his body down into the depths of agony he'd only experienced a few times before.

He can't even remember how he ended up here.

Was it a gunshot wound?

Stabbing?

Had he just gone off the deep end and done this to himself?

He can't know.

Not now.

Because all he has left in him is the ability to lay there and stare up at the void like sky and wait to see what would happen.

If someone would find him.

If *something* would find him.

If he would slip away beyond reproach and be set free from this mess he called life.

Or, if he would cling on despite what lay in wait for him and fight to see another day.

He'd fought so hard for so long though.

Didn't he deserve a break?

Trauma after trauma.

Death after death

And more blood, guts, and gore than any sane human being should see in their lifetime weighs him down.

Even attempting to pull away from it can't stick.

He always knew Jack would come calling *eventually*, but did it have to be so soon?

Five more years would be nice.

Just some way to feel like any of his time away was worth— anything.

That Molly was more than just a quick distraction from the real jewel in the corner of his eye.

The dark truth that was now sinking back down into his soul.

He still cared about Molly, but it always felt distant. Like she was a good friend he was finding comfort and safety in when the world around him had turned its back on him.

After he was Hannibal Lecter's 'Murder Husband' as Freddie had put so eloquently, and Molly had chosen to see past that.

She saw him in all his vulnerability and sweetness, but also vehemently denied that there was any more to him than that.

Any expression of such sways to the fringes of his yearning would be met with soothing words about how "It's not your fault," "That's not you," or "You're not there anymore." were commonly said to him late at night while Molly ran her hand through his hair. His body shaking and sweating from the nightmares that followed him just as closely as his memories, most often being drowned by Abigail's blood as it poured endlessly from her neck.

But he could never tell her that much.

So he would say it was Alana or Jack.

People he'd told her about before and felt more comfortable attributing this fear onto.

Because she would never be able to understand why he'd care for Abigail so much.

No one would.

At least, not anymore.

All they would see was the narrative they'd been fed through newspapers and websites.

Just like him.

But it was easier to take a sympathetic spin on him when his actions were veiled under the guise of "aiding the FBI" or Bedelia's continued discussion of how she was under the "Ripper's spell."

He'd definitely seen a few people in the comments of Tattle Crime articles speculating if the same applied to him as well if Doctor Lecter could hold such a domain over her mind.

Though those usually spilled down to the bottom over whatever else Freddie had decided her poison would be now, though it might be something she decides to bring up now that they had gone away.

Gone.

They were gone.

He and Hannibal.

He lets out a small gasp as he remembers that part of the equation.

Right, he'd helped the Chesapeake Ripper escape.

He'd tricked everyone into letting Hannibal out, and then made the choice he was too scared to before.

Because even if he was living a better life now it was not whole.

It was withered, shallow, and hollow all mixed up into one until he couldn't even see the other end of it.

Molly and Walter were nice, the surplus of dogs they were able to keep helped with that, but they just couldn't compare to the taste of blood trickling down the back of his throat that Hannibal promised.

The temptation was there now. Forever lingering in the back of his mind as he'd lay down in bed.

The pain that it had brought him just as much there, but there was something else there too now.

What if?

But that was where it had all gone wrong.

He'd thought about the 'what if' too much.

It tantalized and whispered to him about what treasures it could offer him if he just went back.

If he just set the prince free, slayed the dragon, and moved into happily ever after.

But happily ever after is never waited at the end of these kinds of stories.

No matter how much Will wished they would, he always knew Jack would find them eventually.

If he could find Hannibal once he'd most certainly find him again, especially if he had stolen away his special agent.

All he'd hoped was— it wouldn't end so bloody.

His eyes dilate as his breath shudders again.

It really was a bullet that did him in, leaving him here strewn about in the chilled night staining the fresh snow with his blood. Forcing him to go over what all drew him here, how cliché, and what the point of it all was.

God Jack, just can't keep well enough alone.

He'd made his choice, for better or for worse, and he'd kept Hannibal from fulfilling some of his promises at least.

Alana still has her happy ending, as far as he knows.

So persistent when for all Jack knew they were dead.

It was really admirable in a fucked up sort of way.

When all a man has left is obsession then there's nothing stopping him from getting what he wants, at least in this case.

Shakily Will grabs a hold of his side, the pain crashing into him now, and hisses in agony.

He really thought he'd be used to it by now.

He'd practically been torn asunder in so many ways his body was tapestry of damage, but it could still feel pain. It still tried to avoid such sensations even though oftentimes it was unavoidable. He was never fast enough to avoid the knife or stumble out of the way of the gun.

Just building up more and more scar tissue damage for the world to ogle.

Jack stared the collection, Molly ignored it, but Hannibal— he loved it.

Practically worshiped them.

His hands delicately running over them as though they were tiny brush strokes weaving together a grand painting, and one wrong move would send the whole thing tumbling down.

Maybe if they got out of this he'd give the same attention to this wound.

He'd already removed a bullet from him once before, so what was one more time? Hannibal had bandaged up worse considering the state they were both in after the Dragon.

When they finally became one.

Blood weaving together until they made a new creation together.

Something new, something fresh, and something delicious.

Blood and guts was their love language, and they were allowed to indulge with no issue for one night. Killing and maiming and setting themselves free for the betterment of society, not just for the delight of vapid indulgence.

Not just for a meal.

But for revenge.

For consummation.

A wordless promise bound together for the rest of time, and not even Jack was going to be able to break that.

Tattle Crime could tell it's tales about the 'Murder Husbands' and the dilution of Will Graham, but history would know them for what they are.

Lovers.

Soul bound in the most beautiful way possible.

But he was slipping.

The stars were getting duller now.

And the chill of the night air was pulling further and further away.

The Reaper was looming closer and closer.

A companion beyond even Will's recollection. Always standing close behind but never being able to be seen. Something grand and greater than even that ever present Stag that seemed to haunt for nearly as long as he had pushed Hannibal out of his life. Watching as he and his proper disciple played out their roles in his little games. Pawns for something more powerful and even more visceral than God itself.

Hannibal may not have been a worshiper of God or anyone of it's ilk, but he still followed one none the less. And Will fell into the exact same place in his own out of touch way.

But now the worship was over, and it was time to reap was had been proverbially sowed.

Practically feeling the scythe against his neck Will shudders and gasps and gags but nothing is going to change what's happening.

He doesn't know where Hannibal is.

He doesn't know where anyone is anymore.

He'll die out here, alone.

One thing he'd always feared would end up happening to him with his line of work.

A lonely solemn death with no one left to mourn him.

Gritting his teeth he barely makes out the vibrations of footsteps approaching.

Hands are suddenly moving up and down his body, and though he can't make out who it is he can feel the soft careful motion of the movement.

He breaths a sigh of relief and attempts a smile, but a finger is quickly put to his lip as he feels his body get hoisted up.

Hand over hand as they both desperately squeeze at his side in the hope that if just a little less blood spills out, then he'll make it out of this in one piece.

Blood, bandages, and bullets.

That was the result of one misstep on Hannibal Lecter's part.

His beloved was now sprawled out in an empty hotel tub, killing a decent chunk of the FBI's troops will allow you so leg room in regards to funds if you are willing to loot the bodies, while he went over the resources he had on hand and what he would need to get to efficiently take care of the damage he'd done.

He'd already gotten his hands on some tweezers, he said he needed to borrow them to the kind young lady at the front desk though he'll probably have to pay for them later now, and scrapped together what remained intact of his clothes as decent bandages. A twenty four hour drug store will take care of the pain killers and rubbing alcohol that will be needed later.

Going to the hospital now will be too risky.

Jack will be waiting for it.

Hell he may be there now, considering the damage Hannibal had may certain he would receive for these actions.

He should have known by now that it was in his best interest to leave them alone.

Jack had lost everyone and everything that had tied him to his purpose in life.

So his attachment to the case, while understandable, only served as a sort of masochistic impulse to punish himself for his past and continued failures.

No matter how hard he tried, however, Hannibal never seemed to be able to keep Jack down.

It was truly infuriating, especially after this current stunt.

Trying to break him down by taking out the one thing he had holding him back.

Jack's previous pet now under new ownership.

At least thats how Jack surely saw it now.

Will Graham wasn't worth anything unless he was the lap dog for the FBI, and if he tried to make a choice for himself he would either get dragged back in or shot in the back for it.

It was twisted, sick, and only added fuel to the fire Hannibal felt in his heart as Will's blood was now embedded under his finger nails.

That wasn't exactly uncommon, however it was unpleasantness in this circumstances that bore the blood that made the feeling of it being there so uncomfortable.

No matter how much he tried to clean it he knew it would take days to come out. Since he would have to keep returning to the bloodied flesh to reapply the bandages.

He was the only one that was going to do it, after all.

But he just couldn't help— picking at it.

Trying to get it out.

Because it shouldn't be there.

Not like this.

Not with his breathes coming out ragged and raw with his eyes glazing over.

Having to collapse in a huddle in the forest and desperately latching a sleeve around his side. Pulling and pulling and pulling until he thought that it was tight enough, even if it was probably too tight.

But it was tight enough to last until he could get a room, make sure the hall was clear, get the materials, and begin the work to save his life.

It shouldn't have happened like this.

The blood should come from passion and pleas, not from desperation and fear.

Jack had hurt Will Graham, and Hannibal could not stand for that.

He was going to have to for now though, because Will needed him now.

Groaning from the bath tub snaps him out of whatever dazed he'd found himself in, a little sting coming from his fingers giving him enough of an indication, he springs to Will's side.

"Mon amor?" He soothes, running his hand through Will's wet and messy curls as he hairs the pain ring out with every grunt and whimper that leaves his lips. "Mon amor, are you alright?"

"I've been better, but I'm sure you can guess as much." He grits in reply, "Is it out?"

"Yes, the receptionist happened to have what I needed to begin the recovery process, though I still need to go out and buy the rest of the materials."

Will nods before letting out a dry chuckle as he touches his heavily wound up side. "Good, good, sounds good. Just be careful. I can't stand the thought of losing you now that I know you're back here with me."

“And what does that mean, Will?” He inches closer to his prone partner, the soft sound of dripping blood beginning to hit the gritty bathtub tile making his heart sink. Time was slipping down the drain with every word they shared with one another. Every moment they waited, experiencing the relief of being able to know the other was alive, more of Will’s blood left the very veins they were supposed to be supporting. And Will wore down more and more.

He shudders, his big brown eyes looking over at Hannibal with the same pain and fear in them that he’d seen when he’d held him in his arms in that snow covered forest, “Almost dying alone— well I’d say it does things to you. No matter how many times it’s nearly happened to me, there’s always been someone nearby. Whether they cared for me or not I’ve never been, alone when it came to see me.”

His thoughts spill into images of decaying Abigails, Alanas, and Jacks. Each one taking on a different shape than the last, though Abigail was the most consistent, but they all still surrounded him. Ensuring that there was always a warm body near by as he began to lose all sensation in his own.

Hannibal runs a hand down Will’s cheek, begins leaning in close, and kisses Will on the forehead. “I won’t leave you, Will. They’ll have to drag me away from you now.”

“But you need to get the supplies.” Will dryly smiles, biting down on his tongue as he does but smiling nonetheless. It was the least he could offer in this tenuous situation.

Hannibal begrudgingly nods, “Yes, I do.” That smile, portraying both comfort and pain, being the extra push he needed to know he needed to pry himself away from his love just long enough to help him.

Will reaches his free hand out, squeezing down with his other, and latches onto Hannibal’s sleeve. Holding him in place he roughly states, “Then get it done now. The quicker the better. Just so I can know—” His breath shudders again and he cringes at a rush of pain.

“I will come back, mon amor.” He runs his hand along Will’s chin and lifts his head up so he can leave one quick kiss on his lips. “I *will* come back.” He assures again.

Rising up he lingers over Will, hand still under his lover’s chin, before he gets a nod of approval and forces himself to walk away.

Will watches him, a stab of fear running through him briefly before he begins smiling despite his pain at the care that this seemingly cruel murder was giving him.

It was strange how the little things could make him consider he and Hannibal’s relationship. How far it had come from patient to prison to patient again and then prison *again*.

Circles and circle around each other just to end up here.

Bloodied up in a bathtub after his ex-employer shot him.

However, he was being allowed to see all of Hannibal Lecter, and it was just as beautiful as when he first laid eyes on it.

And he *knew* now he wasn't going to be left alone.

Come hell or high water, Hannibal was going to make his way back to him.

Because that was their love.

And neither Jack, God, or the Reaper himself was going to change that.

It was beautiful.

They were beautiful.

No amount of bullets or cages were going to change that.

They were formed in the image of the truest form of god there is, and the FBI couldn't pry that from their cold dead hands.

Not Chilton.

Not Alana.

Not even Jack could change that.

No matter how much they poked and prodded, that would be their truth.

Forever and always in the Reaper's grasp.

Bound by blood and guts, and they were beautiful.

Even if they would end up bleeding out in a shootie hotel bathtub every once and awhile.

But it was *always* going to be worth it in the end, no matter what.

End Notes

This fandom really likes to bring the creativity, or rambler, out of me. It's been years since I was able to write 3000 words for any one fic, but honestly I'm pretty glad it ended up being this fandom that would get that treatment again.

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!